

## **THE WAR AND ITS RESULTS**

**An Address Delivered at a Grange Meeting and Patriotic  
Rally held at Thompson, Windham County,  
Connecticut, August 9, 1918**

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## FOREWORD

The within address was prepared to be delivered at a Grange Meeting and Patriotic Rally at Thompson, Windham County, Connecticut, on August 9, 1918. The meeting was quite numerously attended by people from the neighboring parts of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and leading officials,—the Governor or Lieutenant Governor,—of each of those States were present. It was held in the open air, upon the spacious grounds at the residence of the Honorable Randolph H. Chandler, chief promoter of the affair. When the delivery of this address had proceeded about ten minutes, a severe rain storm began to fall and the people were compelled to seek shelter as best they might. As many as possible crowded into the adjacent Grange Hall, where the delivery of the address was shortly resumed. The people in the hall were very much crowded and the heat great, so that out of consideration for their comfort the speaker abridged the balance of the speech. This fact has led him to make this publication of the address entire, as he had designed to deliver it, and constitutes his apology for doing so if any such be needed or appropriate.

(PROSPECTUS AS PUBLISHED)

## GRANGE FIELD MEETING AND PATRIOTIC RALLY

### THREE STATES

Worcester Southwest Pomona, Providence County Pomona, and Quinebaug Pomona Granges will meet at the home of Hon. Randolph H. Chandler, Thompson, Conn., on Friday, August 9, 1918. The combined effort of three large Pomonas has secured a program of great practical value to farmers and of unsurpassed inspiration to patriots. All patrons and their friends will be welcome and a cordial invitation is extended to all people.

#### PROGRAM

In the open if clear, in the church if rainy.

10 A. M.—Selection.....THE BAND  
Welcome Song.....MRS. ELIZABETH J. BROWN, Pomfret, Conn.  
Address.....PRESIDENT CHARLES L. BEACH, Connecticut Agricultural College  
Demonstration of Poultry Selection.....CONNECTICUT EXTENSION SERVICE  
Address.....LESLIE R. SMITH, Master Massachusetts State Grange  
Demonstration—Newest Dairy Utensils,

PROF. O. A. JAMISON, Massachusetts Agricultural College  
Address.....DR. HOWARD EDWARDS, President R. I. Agricultural College  
One of Our Whistling Girls.....MRS. KENDALL A. MOWRY  
Five Minutes Talk with the Pomona Master of Rhode Island..GEORGE A. HENRY  
Recitation.....MRS. CARRIE S. BEAUREGARD, R. I. Pomona Lecturer  
Address.....SAYLES B. STEERE, Master R. I. State Grange  
Canning Exhibition.....RHODE ISLAND EXTENSION SERVICE  
Exhibition of Browning Machine Guns

12 Noon.—Luncheon—Basket picnic plan. All persons are requested to bring their own lunch as both hotels will be filled to capacity by invited guests and their attendants.

1 P. M.—Parade: Order—Band, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut Patrons wear sashes and badges; National Fife and Drum Corps, Governors and Distinguished Guests lead each state.

Patriotic Singing led by.....ARTHUR ROBERTS, Pomfret, Conn.

1.30 P. M.—“A Trip to France,”

J. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN, Governor of Rhode Island  
Selection.....THE BAND  
Address—“The War and Its Results,”

ISAAC N. MILLS, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York  
Selection.....THE BAND  
Address.....MARCUS H. HOLCOMB, Governor of Connecticut  
Address.....LIEUT. GOVERNOR CALVIN A. COOLIDGE of Massachusetts  
Five Minute Talk.....HON. HENRY P. BALDWIN

Chairman of Board of Parole, of the State of Rhode Island  
Selection.....THE BAND  
Address.....CALVIN D. PAIGE, Congressman for Massachusetts  
Address.....LIEUT. GOVERNOR CLIFFORD B. WILSON, of Connecticut  
Selection.....THE BAND

Worcester Southwest Pomona  
Edmund S. Joslin, Master  
Mrs. George S. Ladd, Lecturer  
Sturbridge, Mass.

Providence County Pomona  
George A. Henry, Master  
Mrs. Carrie S. Beauregard, Lecturer  
Woonsocket, R. I.

Quinebaug Pomona  
Charles A. Wheeler, Master  
Mrs. Mary Ross Munyan, Lecturer  
Putnam, Conn.



## ADDRESS

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It is a very great pleasure to me to attend this meeting and to find myself, after practically fifty years absence, summoned back to my childhood and boyhood home to make what might be termed the "long talk" upon this occasion. Never I am sure, in the 254 years of her existence, as a settled community, has this historic hilltop known so numerous a gathering. Two hundred and fifty-four years ago this coming September, on a Sabbath morning, all the people (red and white) living within miles of this spot assembled here to meet the expected visitation of the American apostle, John Elliott, to the band of praying Indians settled here. Weighed down with the burden of his eighty years, Elliott progressed through the wilderness no further than Woodstock, where he paused physically exhausted and that morning sent by his disciple David his message to the people here assembled, as Paul sent his to the Ephesians. Many assemblages of men have been held here since that Sabbath morning, but none more notable in point of numbers than this.

I took great pride and pleasure in marching with the Connecticut contingent through these streets in the parade just ended. Whenever my feet are planted upon the soil of Old Thompson I feel that the line of the national anthem, "Land where my fathers died," has for me a special significance. Four successive generations of my ancestors lived on or about these hills and now sleep in the cemetery which nestles in the valley at their western base. I might with propriety have marched in either of the other two contingents, the Massachusetts or the Rhode Island. Massachusetts is the primal American mother of most of us, as nearly every old Thompson family was descended from the original settlers of the Old Bay Colony; and Rhode Island is the State of my mother's lineage.

I am under the greatest obligation to the Honorable Randolph H. Chandler, the promoter of this meeting, for his special kindness in permitting me to choose at will the subject of my address. In that respect he treated me as well as the father of Daniel Webster treated him according to a story current hereabouts in my childhood days, when the people of this locality still revered the memory of New England's greatest statesman. I note today his portrait here upon the walls of the Grange Hall within, showing perhaps that the name of Webster is still not without respect in these parts.

When Daniel was upon his junior vacation from Dartmouth, he undertook to help his father with the haying upon his New Hampshire farm, the surface of which was at least half rock. He was attempting to mow with the old fashioned snath and scythe. Somehow or other the scythe did not hang right. Those of us who, like myself in my boyhood, have mowed over these hills know how, if the scythe is not hung to the snath just right, its point will strike into every hummock and stop the stroke. Several times during the morning the old gentleman re-hung Daniel's scythe at his request, but at last when Daniel came around again and asked him to re-hang it, he became indignant and bellowed out: "Hang it,—I've hung that scythe for you a dozen times already. I'll be hanged if I'll hang it again. Go hang it to suit yourself!" "Father," said Daniel, "do you really mean it, that I shall hang this scythe to suit myself?" "Yes," roared the old man, "did you ever know me to say anything I didn't mean?"—a saying quite significant, as old Captain Webster was well known as a stern man even with his own family. "Well," said Daniel, "I will do so," and he walked at once to a big apple tree standing in the middle of the field and hung the scythe over one of its lower limbs and then marched away into the house, and that ended Daniel's haying for that season.

Being thus graciously permitted to select my own subject for this address, I chose, as has been announced, "The War and Its Results." I made that choice because, aside from the necessity of performing my judicial work so as to earn my daily bread, I have no heart, no soul, no mind for anything except for the prosecution of this war to a successful finish.

In that respect I am like Theodore Roosevelt. In York State,—that is what the people hereabouts, fifty years ago used to call it,—a few weeks since the political party to which Colonel Roosevelt belongs when he is fully in his own right mind, held an informal convention. There were several prospective candidates for the nomination of Governor at the coming primaries, but all of them, either openly or secretly, offered to withdraw in the Colonel's favor, and a paper numerously signed by the leaders was sent to him asking him to take the nomination. After a few days he replied to the effect that while he would esteem it a great honor to be again Governor of the Empire State, yet he felt that he could not at this time bring himself to undertake the duties of the position,—that the truth was that he had no heart, no soul and no mind for anything except the prosecution of this war to victory clear and undoubted. That was a splendid thing for the Old Hero to say and to think when he had just received full confirmation of the news of the killing of his youngest son, the Benjamin of his flock, in battle "Over There," and when two of his other sons lay in the French hospitals languishing from wounds received in that fighting. God bless and save the Old Hero! The Republic may need him yet again, and that too greatly. What does it matter if he is blind in one eye? He can see further and more keenly along the line of the vigorous prosecution of the war than some men I know can with both eyes. What matters it that he carries embedded in his breast a bullet fired by an assassin of German birth? He is "a man for all that," a red blooded American man ready to fight for country at any time and at any place at the drop of the hat, and that is the sort of men we need just now.

The War,—its fourth year closed last Saturday. What a terrible thing it has been and still is! Lord Lansdowne a few days ago, in his communication to the British people, said that six million of human beings have already been killed by it,—about three millions upon each side,—and that six million more have indirectly been destroyed by it. While very many condemn his peace suggestions as foolish and ill timed, no one questions the accuracy of his statement of facts. Said Mr. Hoover a few days ago in London, "It is quite likely that

more people will die in Europe this year from starvation than will have died from the effects of wounds received upon all the western battle fields." If peace were to come tomorrow, the acute hurts of this war would last half a century at least. As our Lord and Savior at Gethsemane prayed that the cup of bitterness might be removed from his lips, so may a war-worn and war-weary world pray that peace may speedily come, that this awful agony may cease; but it must not cease, it cannot cease until right and truth and justice have triumphed and this footstool of Almighty God has become once more fit for human habitation, as it never will be so long as it remains under threat of domination by the Prussian sword.

When I spoke at the War Meeting held in the Old Church here about a month after our declaration of war, I said, in effect, that I did not know who was responsible for the war, and I attempted to demonstrate only that our entry into it was upon an entirely adequate and righteous cause. Now I feel that I do know who was so responsible. The revelations recently made by the then German Ambassador at London have demonstrated beyond any cavil that the Kaiser, egged on by the German military class, was solely responsible for the war. How can a man feel who knows that he is responsible for the killing of six million of his fellow human beings? Such a conviction would make me a madman in a single night. Perhaps the most beautiful sentence in all New England oratory (one might as well say all American), at least according to my taste, is that one in Rufus Choate's oration on Marie Antoinette, in which he referred to the historic incident that during the first night of her solitary imprisonment, shortly before she was guillotined, her beautiful tresses turned entirely white; "And the beauty of Austria fell from her brow like a veil in a single night." So at least would the conviction that one was responsible for the death of so many of his fellow beings affect most men. The Kaiser, however, seems utterly insensible in the matter, utterly without remorse or even regret. Some think even that he is already a madman and has been such all along. Sane or insane, as he may be, we Americans intend to plant in his breast at least the sentiment of regret before we are through with him.

Last month we completed the sixteenth month of our national participation in the war, and the time and this occasion are meet for us to consider our situation therein.

First and foremost we may solace ourselves with the reflection that our entry into the war was upon a fully righteous and adequate cause. That cause and that purpose were no less than to protect the lives of our nationals, traveling upon the high seas on their lawful concerns and within their lawful rights, from wilful, deliberate, cold-blooded murder by the piracy of German submarine warfare upon merchant ships. By the provisions of international law a belligerent has the right to capture upon the high seas a merchant ship of its enemy,—even that of a neutral carrying contraband goods, but it must do so at the peril of saving the lives of the persons on board such a ship. As President Wilson pointed out in his communication to Germany after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, it is impossible for a submarine in destroying a ship at a distance from shore to comply with that law. That was proven by the *Lusitania* massacre, where 1198 people, including 124 Americans, were drowned, and quite recently as well by the incident of the Porto Rico passenger steamer *Carolina* sunk about the first of last June off the Delaware coast. That night a heavy storm arose before the boats could reach land and some of them were swamped and sixteen people, non-combatants, were drowned. We declared war upon that simple issue.

Very soon after the declaration we fully ascertained that we had had other entirely adequate causes in the perfidious and dastardly conduct of the German Embassy in this country while Germany and this country were at peace. The first rule of diplomacy, according to international law, is that the Ambassador of a foreign land must not communicate in any way with the people of the country to which he is accredited, except through the government of that country. As a neutral we treated Germany precisely as we did England or France. Thus we permitted the German commercial submarine *Deutschland* to enter our ports and remain there at will and to take on and depart with her cargo of rubber and copper and other contraband of war, although England protested

upon the ground that the submarine was not really a merchant ship, as not being open to capture while traversing the high seas beyond the three mile limit. Moreover we suffered the German Embassy to sell here German war bonds just as we did England and France to sell theirs. These revelations subsequent to our declaration of war have demonstrated that the German Embassy used a considerable part of the proceeds of such sales illicitly against our government. Thus while at peace with us it tried to plot with Japan and Mexico, which the Germans supposed to be potentially our enemies, to make war upon us. It endeavored to stir up the so-called Yellow Peril against our Pacific coast, where that peril is held in a terror which we cannot here appreciate. Japan refused to be bribed against us and so now deserves our full confidence. Mexico was willing in spirit, but weak in flesh. As to that the Kaiser evidently thought to create a sort of an American Alsace and Lorraine problem, perhaps to counteract the real European one. He failed to appreciate the controlling differences between the two, namely that the Mexican territory came into this Republic after its people had organized themselves into the Republic of Texas and by their own vote and solicitation, and that if a vote were now to be taken in the three states of this Union formed from that Mexican territory, not one person in one hundred would vote to go back into Mexico, whereas the contrary is true in each respect in the real Alsace and Lorraine. At any rate the matter was none of the Kaiser's business. Look at the cool impudence of the fellow. What, barter away three stars out of this flag!

“When freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night  
And set the stars of glory there.”

And there those stars shall remain, every one of them, in spite of the Kaiser and all of his powers of air, earth and flood. Long before a single star shall have been blotted out from that azure field, the House of Hohenzollern shall have crumbled back into forgotten dust, as God knows it ought long since

to have done. It has utterly outlived its usefulness, if ever it had any.

Some of the proceeds of those sales the German Embassy, as we lately gained indubitable evidence of the fact, used to finance efforts to destroy munition plants within our territory, to plant bombs within outgoing ships carrying supplies to the enemies of Germany, and as well to carry on her propaganda against our government, so as to control its action. That Embassy set aside a fund of fifty million dollars for the purchase of thirty leading newspapers throughout the United States, so as by them to carry on that infamous propaganda. Only one newspaper in all the country was found to be for sale for such a purpose, and the German Ambassador paid \$1,300,000.00 for that paper, the Evening Mail. If ever a man bought a lemon, Bernstorff did then. All honor and praise to the newspaper men of the United States. No other set of them would sell their paper for German gold even in that time of nominal peace. Every other set of them showed themselves loyal and patriotic to the very core.

Moreover, as was recently declared by a member of the German House of Lords, the German plan was to make us pay an indemnity of forty-five billions of dollars. It seems to me even that Germany for that purpose deliberately designed to drive us into the war. I can give no other reasonable explanation of her act, in October, 1916, in sending a submarine over to our coast to sink right off our shores the Halifax passenger steamer. You will recollect that the submarine first appeared in Newport Harbor, that her commander paid his respects in due form to our Commander of the Port, and that at the end of the twenty-four hours grace allowed by a neutral to a war vessel of a belligerent, it left the harbor and a few hours later sunk that steamer almost under the guns of our war vessels. Had we been entirely consistent, those vessels would have blown that submarine out of the water, because a nation needs not to declare war against piracy, but simply suppresses it at sight, and according to our doctrine, as enunciated in the President's communications to Germany, such submarine warfare was piracy pure and simple. The time, however, was on the eve of the presidential election,

when, as they say, nothing else can be done in the United States, and nothing was made of the incident by our government. As of old one of our statesmen said: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," so now we say: "Billions upon billions for the prosecution of this most righteous war, but not one cent for tribute, let come what will."

Moreover, the American war case has been at least morally much strengthened by the atrocious manner in which Germany has conducted her warfare. Nothing so abominable in that direction has been known in so called civilized warfare since the time of the American Revolution, when Lord Chatham in special reference to the Wyoming Massacre denounced in the English House of Lords the ministry for employing against our forefathers the American Indians, "whose known rule of warfare," he declared, "spares neither age, sex nor condition."

Germany's such acts beyond the pale of international law and decent warfare constitute the crimes of:

(a) Murder, cold and deliberate, by its submarine warfare upon passenger ships;

(b) Perjury, in the deliberate breach of the sworn treaty with Belgium;

(c) Robbery of private property in Belgium and northern France (It is said that even the Crown Prince soiled his own hands with this);

(d) Arson, in the deliberate burning of thousands of private dwellings in those localities;

(e) Rape by the wholesale;

(f) Wanton bombing of cities and hamlets remote from the seat of war.

No more horrible thing was ever done than the bombing of the London school in broad daylight, where the bomb crushed through into the basement room where the kindergarten class of sixty-four children of from five to seven years was assembled, killing ten of the little tots outright and mangleing the others. Sixteen of them two days later were buried in one common grave after a common funeral.

Note how the shell from the far distant German cannon fell upon the church in Paris on Good Friday and killed the



people therein as they knelt in prayer for the blessings of peace, five of the slain being American women. Nothing so horrible has been known before since the Black Hole of Calcutta in the East Indian Rebellion.

Consider the deliberate bombing of hospitals and the intentional sinking of eleven hospital ships, each sailing in full compliance with the terms of the Geneva Convention. Consider also the wanton destruction the other day, by deliberate cannon fire, in board daylight, of the most ancient and venerated Church of St. Remi attached to the Rheims Cathedral and dating back to the tenth century. The Catholics in the allied armies crossed themselves as they plainly saw the incendiary shells fall upon it. "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord, I will repay," but He repays through human agencies, and I fancy that as the battle proceeds those Catholics will strike many a strenuous blow. Puritan dissenter of the strictest sect, as by long descent I am, I sympathize keenly with their feelings.

Contrast Hindenburg and Pershing as to their treatment of the worst possible crime, as the Polish Countess at a recent meeting in Mount Vernon told of it, namely that Hindenburg said that his soldiers were "entitled to the girls." Pershing hanged the American offender, the single one out of the million and more men, who had ravished a French peasant girl.

You have indubitable evidence upon this subject of German atrocity from one of your neighbors (at least during the summer months) over here in Woodstock, Hamilton Holt, in an article published in the last issue of *The Independent*. In that he states that during his recent sojourn in France he took pains to visit the American detachment which had experienced the first of the substantial American fighting with the Germans. He says that upon that occasion a picked force of thirty-five hundred Germans attacked the section of trenches held by that American force, which was composed largely of New England men. At first the Germans penetrated the trenches, but finally, after two days of fighting, our men succeeded in expelling them, or what was left of them, from the entire position. After the Germans had so retired our men found a quantity of coffee, which apparently the German

troops had abandoned in the haste of their retreat. Our American doctors, however, thought it prudent at least to test it, and found that it had been poisoned through and through. This terrible thing was the work not of any camp following rabble, but of those picked troops, the very flower of the German army. Some of these things we hear about German atrocities I hesitate to believe, but Hamilton Holt is no liar and no fool, and although he has, with us in New York, had something of the reputation of a reformer, he is no sissy and you can rely implicitly upon what he says of his own observation and first hand hearing. That such poisoning was no rare thing is evident from the order recently issued by the American Commander to govern the conduct of our men in following up the retreating Germans, such as to avoid touching wires or opening doors, etc. The last specification of that order reads: "Six. Poisoned Food. Abandoned food must be carefully inspected and investigated." I venture to say that prior to this war no commander in a century has before deemed it necessary to issue such an order against a civilized enemy.

Still the German conscience seems to be utterly insensible to the enormity of these crimes. Such course of atrocity appears to have been deliberately adopted with the avowed purpose of thereby terrifying the hostile peoples so that they will compel their governments to surrender to the Germans upon any terms. The effect, however, has been just the opposite. It has, without doubt, produced the marvelous volunteering in England. The day following the publication of the news of the sinking of the *Carolina*, at the Naval Recruiting Station in Brooklyn, near the Borough Hall where the sessions of our court are held and where before apparently only a very few had been in attendance, a long line of young men extended from the door out along the sidewalk for nearly a block. Upon interrogation as to the cause, one of them answered simply: "The sinking of the *Carolina*!"

The intense resulting bitter feeling in this country has been evidenced by numerous instances, such as the prohibition of the study of German, as though the very language was a curse and would contaminate our children, and such also as the imposition of long sentences upon the comparatively few

people who venture to speak well of the Kaiser and of Germany in the war. Such extremes of feeling and action in this country have never been known before, certainly not even in the period of the Civil War, which I remember well. This is no longer with us a "war without hate," if it ever was. I would even hate myself if I did not hate the perpetrators of such atrocities. This war stands for us amply justified, materially, morally, sentimentally and even spiritually. Here we are, a nation of one hundred millions and more civilized, intelligent people, mostly Christians, with our every activity devoted to the business of killing human beings. What a horrible thing it is when one stops to think of it; but, under the circumstances, the thing is fully justified and indeed absolutely necessary.

#### OUR RECORD IN THE WAR.

That has been and is simply marvelous.

In considering this matter we should first recall our condition when, on April 6, 1917, we entered the war by formal declaration. We govern ourselves, but we do it by agents selected for fixed periods of considerable length. Only the November before we had re-elected our President for four years from March 4th, upon the slogan "He kept us out of the War!" That was supposed, at least by many, to carry with it the implication that he would continue to keep us out of it at all hazards. The Members of the Cabinet were, at least then, supposed to be Pacifists. No one of them, for instance, had served in the Spanish-American War, the only one in which men of their age could have served. The Administration during the nearly two years following the sinking of the Lusitania had refused to yield to the appeals of its former Secretary of War, Judge Garrison, who had resigned upon that account, or to those of Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Lodge and, notably, the late Major Gardiner, that active and ample war preparations should be made. The agency through which the nation had to carry on the war certainly was not warlike in appearance and yet it has, during the sixteen months, accomplished wonders in the nature of efficient war work. How

that is to be explained is beyond my comprehension. I leave the problem to the psychologist, with the bare suggestion that this is the war of the American people, not of any party, not even of the administration, and that the American people in the matter have become so aroused that their indomitable spirit has fired their agents with their own determination and energy.

In a modern war money is a very great element, almost as important as that of the men. We have in the year raised about ten billions of dollars by the three Liberty Loans, each of which was oversubscribed, and we have without complaint submitted to the most drastic taxation. Our Congress has appropriated fifty billions of dollars for the two fiscal years, the one just ended and that now current, twenty-two of them being for loans to our allies. Our entire wealth at the beginning of the war was only one hundred and eighty-seven billions. The great war relief institutions, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army and the Jewish Welfare Board <sup>have</sup> ~~has~~ received from our people a total of nearly four hundred and eleven millions of dollars in voluntary contributions. Almost every single fraternity in the entire country has besides raised a special fund for war relief work, so that doubtless at least a thousand millions of dollars have been voluntarily given by the people for that purpose.

As to the men in service our achievement has been magnificent, due, undoubtedly, in large measure, to our adoption of the policy of conscription. Although not of the President's political party, I freely yield to him the credit for the adoption of that policy. Indeed he may be said to have "horse-shedded," if he did not horsewhip the measure through the reluctant Congress. Most of the Southern leaders who of late years have dominated that body were opposed to it, notably the Speaker, Champ Clark, who said, you may recall, that the terms "conscript" and "convict" were equally sweet in American ears, the one no more so than the other. No substantial opposition has been made to the execution of that policy. In my own small City of Mount Vernon some seven hundred men under it have gone into the service, and not a single one

under arrest. We have now three million men in the service, and by the first of January we shall have four million, and by the opening of the campaign of 1919 probably five million. Already there are over there one million two hundred and fifty thousand of our men, and by the end of this month there will be one million, four hundred and fifty thousand. Three hundred thousand were sent over the last month. Well did Lloyd George characterize it as "an amazing piece of organization." This great army is being officered, at least in the lower positions, by the very flower of our young men, many being recent graduates or undergraduates of our colleges. Thus last fall, at the time of the Second Liberty Loan Drive, I found that my own college, Amherst, a small one, had already had fifty-four of the ninety-five men in its senior class when we entered the war, that is the Class of 1917, making fifty-seven per cent. thereof, go into the service. I had the curiosity to look up the old records and ascertain that of the Class of 1861, the senior class when the Civil War broke out, twenty-three of its fifty-one men, or forty-six per cent, entered the Union service during the entire four years of that war. Yesterday I received from the Old College a pamphlet entitled "Amherst in the War." Its foreword states that at the end of the last college year about one-half of the undergraduates had gone into the national service, and also eight members of the faculty.

We have now in our Navy some six hundred thousand men, almost as many as there are in the British Navy, and we have two hundred and fifty war vessels of all descriptions in British waters alone. We have more men in the service today than both sides ever had during the entire Civil War.

The nation has also made a notable record in other substantial public war works. On the Fourth of last July, as a special celebration of Independence Day, we launched ninety-five new vessels, and last week we launched one which had been constructed in twenty-four days. During the last year we have completed two hundred and forty ships, with a tonnage of a million and a half. The allied world, chiefly the United States, is now building ships at the rate of one hundred thousand tons a month more than the submarines are sinking.

American shipyards, constructed and being constructed, are able to build twenty-four hundred vessels a year, with a tonnage of fourteen million, two hundred thousand. The rehabilitation of the interned German ships, which their crews had disabled as they thought so that they could not be used before the close of the war, was accomplished in a few months and constitutes a veritable marvel of rapid and efficient work by our American engineers. I have learned from undoubted authority the fact, which I have not seen published, that the German officers of those ships had very skilfully made in certain parts of the machinery pockets in which they had planted a very powerful explosive, of such a nature that it would explode at a comparatively low temperature reached from the friction of the moving parts, and then had covered the pockets with steel or brass plates so skilfully inserted and polished over as apparently to be free from detection, and that our engineers succeeded in discovering every single one of those pockets and unloading them. Indeed we have gotten far better work out of those ships than the German owners ever did.

During the last few months almost every one in the average American family, not excepting father, has been engaged in some form of war service, real or imagined. The knitting has been well nigh universal. Travel upon our public conveyances has been almost at the peril of a forest of spears consisting of long, sharp pointed needles. As the heroes at Balaclava rode with "cannon at the right of them, cannon at the left of them and cannon in front of them," so have we been traveling of late in the midst of those knitting spears. Almost every considerable village has its canteen, voluntarily supported and devoted to the entertainment of passing soldiers and sailors. In very truth a mighty Pentecostal wave of war service has swept over our country, inundating wellnigh every American home.

Our actual fighting over there has been simply superb. Thus the Americans at Chateau Thierry, the very key of the German salient, assaulted and beat in the German ranks and when the Prussian guards were sent against them vanquished them as well. Mr. Simmonds of the New York Tribune, perhaps our best war critic, has written that that point of the

American assault is entitled to be regarded as the high tide of the German invasion of France, as the clump of trees where Pickett's charge was repulsed on the Heights of Gettysburg was the high tide of the Confederacy in the Civil War. The daily press teems with incidents of American valor. That article by Hamilton Holt, to which I have already referred, states that when, on the second day, the German forces were beaten back out of the American position, a Connecticut lieutenant rose from one of the advanced trenches and reported to his commanding officer. He had been in the trench with thirty-seven men when the German attack opened and, having no orders to retire, he had remained. His report was laconic: "We have held the trench throughout the two days against numerous German attacks. Eight of us are left alive. The other thirty lie there in the trench dead." You may search the annals of warfare from the beginning of recorded history and fail to find an incident of greater heroism. It surpasses even that of the immortal three hundred at Thermopylae, for while the three hundred failed to hold the pass, those American heroes, most of them from New England, did hold the trench.

German thought as to American fighting has been progressive through at least four different phases. In the first place, before we entered the war, they declared that the Americans would not fight. They had some authority for that conclusion in the sentiment "too proud to fight," and in the once popular song, especially in the west, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier." That song, however, has since become obsolete with us, being replaced by that other old one, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and the answer to that inquiry is for many of our families coming to be found in that popular favorite of recent birth entitled "Over There."

The second phase was, "The Americans cannot fight." This came right after we had entered the war. The Kaiser declared that it had taken Gott and him forty years to create the German army, and that it was preposterous that the Americans could create an efficient one in a single year, and that, having overcome the Russians and called to the west his divisions which were there in the east, he would overwhelm the

English and the French and the Italians long before the Americans could possibly appear in Europe in substantial numbers.

Later, a few weeks ago, when we had begun to get there and to fight, the third phase of German thought appeared. It was to the effect that the "Americans don't know the rules of warfare,—they don't understand that when a fighting force is outnumbered, it must surrender, but they keep fighting on." It really does seem that the historic maxim "The old guard dies but never surrenders," stands in very high repute with our boys over there just now.

The last, the fourth phase of German thought upon the subject, has but recently appeared in an article re-printed in our papers, written by a famous German war critic. In that, with German thoroughness, he went over the list of American casualties and noted that many of the killed and wounded bore German names and hence were of German descent, and therefore he concluded that the real American fighting was, after all, for the most part a German achievement. The Kaiser is welcome to this conclusion, if it gives him any consolation. We may tell him that we have in our armies in France a great number of loyal German-Americans, and that we have over here a still greater number of them, indeed a sufficient number to make up an army large enough and strong enough to wipe him and his legions off the face of the earth if they will not behave themselves and be decent. We may well, in these days of suspicion and distrust, at least in some quarters, of our German-American fellow citizens, recall the fact that our neighbor over here in Ashford, General Nathaniel Lyon, in the Civil War saved Missouri to the nation by the aid of the German-Americans of St. Louis. We must give to all such the presumption of loyalty until the contrary appears. Our men over there have amply demonstrated that they are not afraid of the trained legions of the Kaiser. They are fighting them as well as our forefathers fought the Hessians in the Revolutionary War. We have plenty more young men here ready to go over there into the service if needed. In my boyhood days the Union recruits, as they poured into Washington in answer to Lincoln's call,



chanted the refrain: "We are coming Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." So today we are, month by month, sending across the seas to beleaguered France the message: "We are coming Fair France, three hundred thousand more," and each month we make the promise good. At this rate the refrain over there, "The Yanks Are Coming," will soon be changed to "Praise God! The Yanks have come, four million strong." Then indeed will what General Pershing said more than a year ago, when he laid a wreath on the tomb of Lafayette, become broadly true,—"Lafayette, we are here." Then indeed will the doom of the Germans be sealed. They will not be able to propagandize and befuddle our men as they did the Russians and, at least for a time, a part of the Italians. They will find that the men behind the American guns are thinking men, for the most part graduates of our common schools, who have cut their eye teeth and cannot be fooled by any palaver.

We must all hold ourselves ready to perform the utmost possible service in aid of the prosecution of the war. Those of us who can fight must do so, those of us who cannot must in every possible way work to sustain the fighting men at their fighting. No one of us wants, when peace with victory has come, to feel the lamentation of the ancient hymn, which has been sung I doubt not a thousand times in the old church yonder,

"Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
And sailed through bloody seas?"

Such men as that Connecticut Lieutenant and his Spartan band cannot be beaten. The Kaiser might as well come to that conclusion first as last. He might just as well forthwith call in behind him his six sons, each from the safe place he has held in the rear of a German army without receiving so much as a scratch during the four years of warfare. If I were in the Kaiser's place I should want to attach a cord to the oldest one, that Crown Prince, so as to make sure that he would not become lost or strayed. Mind you, I do not add

"or stolen," because I do not think that any one would want him badly enough to steal him. Possibly he might safely be trusted to keep well to the rear, as of late he has exhibited a decided instinct for retreating. Probably the other five of the boys can be trusted to keep out of harm's way. They are supposed to be fairly sensible, as they are thought to take more after their mother. Then the Kaiser should fold up his legions and retire to Potsdam and Berlin. He might as well do that first as last, for the Americans with their brave allies will make him do it next summer at the very latest.

Speaking of the Crown Prince recalls to my mind an incident of days long past. Some sixty years ago this highway one spring morning blossomed out with great picture posters, which announced that "Van Amringe's Great Menagerie and Highly Moral Show" would exhibit at Webster on a stated day about one month off. The term "Moral Show" was used upon the New England posters out of respect for the Puritan conscience, which was then still keen and dominant hereabouts. Elsewhere the term "Circus" was used. The morning of that day all roads in this vicinity led to Webster, as in ancient times all roads led to Rome. My father took me to the show and I had there the time of my young life. After the main show was over I noticed a small side tent with the flaming announcement that within, for ten cents, could be seen "The Great What Is It?" The lure of the proclamation was irresistible and I forked over ten cents from my scanty treasury. Probably I had earned the money the summer before picking huckleberries at three cents a quart, or the fall before by selling a snared partridge at the general store here for twenty-five cents. At any rate I had the money and in I went and saw the thing, man or beast I know not which. It made a vivid impression upon me, which remains with me until this very day. For all the world it looked quite like the cartoons of the German Crown Prince recently published,—the same retreating forehead, the same lankiness of figure, and the same general inanity of expression. Thank God that we do not have to look forward to the possibility of having our children or grandchildren governed by him.

The thought of those thirty New Englanders lying there in the trench dead suggests that when this war is over it may be said again, as it was of old said in truth and in beauty,

“New England’s dead, New England’s dead,  
On every hill they lie,  
On every field of strife made red  
By bloody victory.”

### MISTAKES.

The administration is human, and no doubt some mistakes have been made in the conduct of the war. I mention only a few and simply because they appear to me to be still remediable.

As I look at it the first such mistake was the failure to give Colonel Roosevelt the Brigadier General’s Commission which he craved. I understand, although I do not speak with any authority, that he does not want to be Governor or even President again, but that he does wish to be a Brigadier General in the army over there. I think that the Old Hero should have his desire granted, and that, if any legislation stands in the way, Congress should remove that bar at once, and that even the President should ask Congress to do that. He has asked them to do enough other things already. The Germans are saying that our men “Over There” have become so intoxicated with the French flattery that they are exposing their lives recklessly in the fighting and so suffering very heavy casualties. Think how intoxicated with fighting fervor our boys would be if they could have Roosevelt with them,—if only at some critical stage of the battle they could hear his voice shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom after this fashion: “Give them hell Boys! No kamerading here! Ram the cold steel into them, that is what they can’t stand! Remember the Lusitania and drive the villains back beyond the Rhine, where they belong!” Indeed he might, upon the impulse of the moment, so far forget himself as to shout out: “Remember the Maine!” as he used to cry out to his men in the Spanish-American War. You recollect, doubtless, how, in one of the

battles of that war, Old General Wheeler, formerly of the Confederate Service, in the excitement of the charge so far forgot himself as to shout out to his men, United States soldiers, "Give the Damned Yanks Hell!" and how, when we heard of it, we laughed and cheered and loved the Old Hero all the more for it. Under Roosevelt's such battle cry our men would be so enthused that all Hades could not stop them this side of Berlin.

"One blast upon his bugle horn  
Were worth a thousand men!"

Moreover the Colonel is not without military experience. He fairly gained his title by good military service in the Spanish-American War, and for seven years, as President, he was the constitutional Commander in Chief of the entire American army.

King David was a wise old fellow, not merely because he was the father of Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, but because he knew a thing or two himself. As the Holy Writ tells us, he sent his rival into the front line of battle and heard no further complaints from him. If Roosevelt were in the military service he could not criticize the President, his then Commander in Chief. Opinions may differ as to whether it would be better for the country at large for the Rooseveltian criticisms to cease. As to that question "deponent sayeth not."

The second such mistake which I wish to notice is our national dealing with Japan in reference to Russia. For my part, I have never been able to see any good reason why we should object to any man (black, white, red or yellow) fighting the Germans if he wishes to do so. Moreover, for my part, if the Japanese will drive the Germans out of Russia and at the end, after they have performed that world service, ask as a reward a slice of the far western Russian territory, I have no objection to their taking it. I would much rather that they should have it than that the Germans should. Moreover, if the Japanese really fight in force, it is quite likely that more of our boys will come back to us safe and sound when this cruel war is over. The joint American and Japanese

paper recently made public may meet the situation, although I am not entirely clear about it. It seems to me to savor somewhat too much of the "war without hate" and "peace without victory" doctrines which have long since been discarded by us all as to the war in chief. I do not believe in treating Russian murderers any differently than any other murderers, even if the Russians do murder in the name of Liberty. However, if the joint expedition does invade Russia, no doubt the American Flag will soon be fired upon, and that will settle the matter. There is just one thing which the American people will not stand, and that is the firing on the Flag. That much I learned well as a boy of nine years, when the Flag at Sumter was fired on. Before that anything was possible in the nature of compromise, concession and adjustment, as even Greeley said: "Let the erring sisters depart in peace!" but within twenty-four hours after the Flag was actually fired on at Sumter the whole North was in a blaze and concession and compromise became impossible and the war had to be fought out to the finish.

The third and last such mistake, with which my mind is impressed, is the treatment which the administration has given to General Wood. At the beginning of our participation in the war he was our Senior General Officer and beyond all cavil the one best known and respected abroad. He trained his division in the training camp most efficiently and then was permitted to go over to France to look over the conditions. When there he went at once into the front trench and very shortly was actually wounded by a German shot. I read the news daily, and as my reading goes he is the only one of all our Generals who thus far has been actually hit by the enemy's missile. Some of the others, I believe, have been bruised more or less by the overturning of their automobiles, but he is the only one who has actually been so wounded. Returned to this country and recovered of his wounds, he came to our eastern shore with his division for embarkation, and on the very eve of that was commanded by the administration to leave that division and return to his schoolmaster's task at the camp. No explanation of this extraordinary proceeding has been given. The General, as in duty bound, to interrogation

responded by quoting the famous line, "Orders is orders," and the administration has declined so far to say a single word. If there was good cause to thus degrade the General, that cause should be imparted to the American people. If there was none such, the thing should never have been done and should now be remedied forthwith.

Woodrow Wilson is a great historian and has written a most charming history of our country, in which he has given great credit and high place to his one time predecessor, Andrew Jackson. It might be well, even in these busy days, if he would recall the following authentic incident in the presidential career of Jackson. When he came into the presidential office, General Van Rensselaer, a veteran of the War of 1812, who had been severely wounded in action, was Postmaster of Albany or Troy. Martin Van Buren, whom New Yorkers then called "The Fox of Kinderhook," was the leader of the President's political party in the Empire State and disliked Van Rensselaer very much. Determined to cause his removal from office he importuned Jackson, whose Secretary of State he had become, but for a long time without any promise of success. Finally Van Rensselaer was told that there was danger that Jackson would yield to the persistent solicitation of Van Buren, and so he repaired to Washington and called upon the President at the White House. The latter received him somewhat coldly, smoking his corn cob pipe furiously and saying little. Finally Van Rensselaer became impatient, sprang up from his chair, pulled off his coat, then his waistcoat, then his collar, then, unbuttoning his shirt, started to remove that. Old Hickory jumped up and said: "Why, General, what are you going to do?" Van Rensselaer responded, "I am going to take off my shirt, Mr. President, and show you the wounds I received fighting for my country against the Britishers." "Good God," cried Old Hickory, "put on your clothes man and go back to Albany. You may rest assured, by the Eternal, that so long as I am President you will not be removed from your office!" and Old Hickory kept his word.

I beg to commend that historic incident to the consideration of our President.

## RESULTS OF THE WAR.

The immediate result must of course be peace of some sort. We have long since adandoned the sentiment of "peace without victory." That maxim has gone into retirement in company with its sister maxims, "too proud to fight," "watchful waiting" and "war without hate." From the President down we all now demand that there shall be no peace until a clear, decided, undoubted victory has been gained over the German forces. We insist that the Germans must first be so soundly defeated that the conviction that the person of an American citizen upon his lawful journeyings, whether by land or sea, is and shall be inviolable, has penetrated the thickest German skull living. We demand no indemnity in land. We have land enough. Secretary Lane recently said that we have two million acres of cut over timber land susceptible of being made into farms, and he suggested that that be done at the national expense, and that the farms be given to our soldiers when they return, not a bad idea, at least one worthy of consideration.

We want no money as an indemnity. We are in the habit of paying our own expenses, and we expect to pay them on this trip. Indeed we are paying now some of those of our side partners.

We ask no spoils of victory, save perchance those ninety-two cannon which Lloyd George says our boys have already taken with their own hands, and perhaps a ship load of the spiked helmets, as souvenirs, which our boys are rapidly gathering as they chase up the retreating Germans.

We want no reprisals. In the Civil War times we sang much of how we were going to "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." In the end we even extended to him amnesty, and although the old curmudgeon would not in form accept it, he did actually, and we suffered him to live out his life in this country and even to write and publish his book here, a copy of which I have in my library and which I have read through from cover to cover. As the reward of our such clemency, we now have a united country. For instance, the grandson of Ulysses S. Grant and the grandson of Robert E.

Lee are young lieutenants in our army over there, in loyal and devoted comradeship fighting for this Flag. But at the end of that war we did demand and make one reprisal. We hanged Captain Wirtz, the demon of Andersonville. We hung him, not as a southerner, or a secessionist, or even a rebel, which harsh term we have ceased to use, but we hung him as a brutal, cruel murderer of our imprisoned men. In like manner I insist that when the war shall end some concrete instance of the submarine sinking of a passenger steamship, where lives were lost, like that of the Lusitania or the Carolina, shall be referred to a military commission, and that that commission shall sift the evidence thoroughly and determine the living person highest up directly responsible for that act, and that that person shall be followed, if need be to the ends of the earth, and hanged as a murderer.

We must, however, stand with our allies for the practical satisfaction of their just demands;—with Belgium for full indemnity, so far as German gold can restore it;—with France for the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine and money indemnity for injuries suffered from acts beyond the pale of lawful warfare;—with Italy for the return of her lost provinces, whose people speak her tongue;—and that Russia shall be released from the grip of Germany and be permitted, under some sympathetic protectorate not at all German, to work out her own salvation.

Beyond the attainment of such a peace after victory I think that I can foresee the following results:

First there will be an enormous increase of American prestige, both at home and abroad. We may even come to think more of ourselves than we ever have, and have just cause to do so, although I do not know that there has ever been any complaint that Americans did not think enough of themselves. Abroad, the world over, Americans will be hailed as the saviors of civilization, as the Englishmen and the Frenchmen both now admit that their coming has saved the day in France. Said the Great Apostle, when he was haled before the foreign potentate and inquired of as to his nationality, "I am a man \* \* \* of Tarsus, a city in Silicia, a citizen of no mean city," and they dared not put him



to death. After this war, anywhere on the face of the globe it will be enough to say: "I am an American citizen." No further details will be required. It will matter not one whit whether the person hails from New York City or from Burrillville.

The second result, as I foresee it, will be an enormous decrease of German prestige. For a generation at least, if not for a century, Germany will be under a moral boycott as a thing unclean and abhorrent. The sailors of the world already stand pledged against her for years to come. Germans are bound to think far less of themselves because of this war. It may be, even, that they will come to realize and admit that it was far better that they were defeated, far better that the American troops beat them back at the high tide of the second battle of the Marne; just as in that beautiful poem, "High Tide at Gettysburg," the author, a southerner writing some twenty years after our Civil War, in effect declared that it was far better for civilization that the Federal forces won.

"They smote and fell who set the bars  
Against the progress of the stars,

\* \* \* \*

They smote and stood who held the hope  
Of nations on that slippery slope,  
Amid the cheers of Christendom.  
God lives. He gave the iron will  
That clutched and held that trembling hill."

So, perhaps, some fifty years hence some Schiller or Goethe may in like manner and appreciation, for none could be more beautiful, write of the contending forces at the second battle of the Marne.

The third such result, as I seem to fancy it, is that after the war there will be a great accession to American trade and shipping. Our Flag will come back to the high seas and in every port, and there it must be kept. Fool legislation, which gives the preference to foreign shipping, must be repealed, and if subsidies even be necessary to keep our flag on every sea

and in every port, then let there be subsidies, odious as that term in general may be to American minds.

The fourth such result is that we must hereafter always have some form of general military service, so that never again may we be found unfit to meet the stress of battle, if it shall be forced upon us.

The last such result will be, I think, that after the war some sort of international alliance will be formed for the maintenance of world peace and the administration of world justice. We have now with our present allies practically such a one. No person in his senses for a moment can think that if in August, 1914, England, France, Italy and the United States, each prepared for mobilization of her forces as henceforth she will be, had been allied for offensive and defensive purposes in the interests of justice, the Kaiser would ever have dared to have undertaken this war. It is, perhaps, of little practical concern whether Germany joins the federation or not. It might be better if she did not for years to come.

## CONCLUSION.

As I conclude the thought comes to me, how glad we shall be when peace finally comes,—peace with honor, peace with victory. In spite of all our brave talk about prosecuting the war to a finish, we are a people loving peace and all her works and hating war and its butchery. When such a peace shall come, the great ships sailing in safety over tranquil seas shall bring back to us the survivors of our heroic men. How the boys will hang along the guard rails when the good ships come in. How they will cheer when first they see the highlands of the Jersey shore rising through the morning mists, and later Liberty with her welcoming torch, and good Old New York shimmering in the sunshine. They went forth from this coast in darkness and in silence from apprehension of the enemy's submarines; they shall come back in the clear light of day, flags waving, bands playing, cannon booming, to be received on shore with tumultuous joy. Later the great ships, before they are returned to commercial service, shall

bring back to us the bodies of our honored dead,—the burial place of each one “over there” is being distinctly marked and recorded for that ultimate purpose,—shall bring back to us the bodies of our honored dead for final resting within this land which they loved so well and which they died to save. Then with overflowing hearts we may all join in Whittier’s Peace Thanksgiving anthem:

“Thank God for rest, where none molest,  
And none can make afraid,  
For peace that sits as plenty’s guest  
Beneath the homestead shade.”

